STORY OF THE GREAT FIRE
CHICAGO

PAINE'S

NEW

Furniture Manufactory

BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

We have just completed one of the most extensive and elegant Furniture Manufactories in the country, and have stocked it with both rich and plain furniture of the latest and most desirable patterns.

MATTRESSES AND BEDDING.

OFFICE DESKS, $12.00 TO $300.00 EACH.

We are furnishing Hotels and Public Houses, and are prepared to do so throughout, at short notice, having the capacity to turn out more than one hundred sets per week.

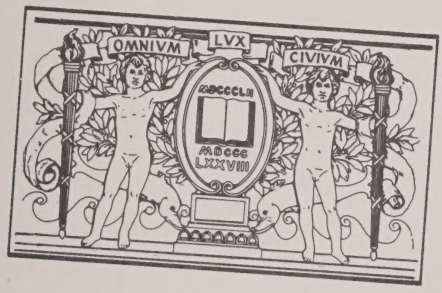
FOR SHIPPING.

On hand, a large stock for export or Southern or Western trade, packed in the most complete, and finished in a thorough manner.

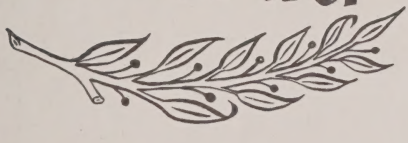
WE WARRANT EVERY PIECE OF FURNITURE AS REPRESENTED.

☞ *Price List Furnished on Application.*

45



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



THE OLD SOUTH DEFYING THE FLAMES.

THE STORY

OF

THE GREAT FIRE,

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 9–10, 1872,

BY "CARLETON,"

AN EYE-WITNESS.

ILLUSTRATED BY BILLINGS,

FROM SKETCHES TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

BOSTON:
SHEPARD AND GILL.
1872.

2359
.53
Copy 4

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872,

By SHEPARD & GILL,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

PREFACE.

This story of the great fire is but a pen sketch. No one can be more sensible than myself of the feebleness of the attempt to set forth in words the scene of the night. The text is but a thread of narrative, written that the public may have the benefit of Mr. Billings's pencil. His pictures are accurate representations, and being such, are therefore historic. They are far more effectual than any words of mine can be to portray the indescribable grandeur of the conflagration. CARLETON.

W. 2
W. 4
W. 5
W. 8
W. 7
COMMERCIAL ST.
EASTERN AVENUE PIER
T. WHF.
LONG W.
CENTRAL W.
INDIA W.
ROWES W.
FOSTERS
WMS
HARRIS
OTIS W.
ARGAN
PACKARD
E HILL W.
DILLOWAY D.
PEARS W.
WOLBEARE'S W.
LIVERPOOL W.
PEARL ST. W.
RUSSIA W.
PRENTICE'S W.
TILESTON'S W.
PEIRCE W.
DRAKE'S W.
CURTIS W.
FRANCIS W.
PERRET'S W.
WALES W.
HOBB'S
TIRRELL
GOULD'S
INDIA ST.
BROAD ST.
WASHINGTON ST.
COMMERCIAL ST.
FULTON ST.
CLINTON ST.
N. MARKET ST.
S. MARKET ST.
CHATHAM ST.
COMMERCE ST.
CITY W.
STATE ST.
DOCK SQ.
UNION ST.
HANOVER ST.
NORTH ST.
SUDBURY ST.
STRATFORD ST.
CORNHILL
ELM ST.
COURT ST.
WARD ST.
SCHOOL ST.
PROVINCE
BROMFIELD ST.
MONTGOMERY ST.
TREMONT ST.
SOMERS ST.
PARK ST.
HANOVER ST.
WINTER ST.
TEMPLE PL.
AYER ST.
WEST ST.
BEDFORD ST.
CHAUNCY ST.
ESSEX ST.
HARRISON AV.
BOYLSTON ST.
E. CONCORD ST.
E. BROOKLINE ST.
E. NEWTON ST.
E. CANTON ST.
E. DEDHAM ST.
E. ROXBURY ST.
E. DIX PL.
E. BENNETT ST.
E. HOLLIS ST.
E. NORFOLK ST.
E. WARREN ST.
E. PINE ST.
E. BERKELEY ST.
E. CHANDLER ST.
E. CHESTNUT ST.
E. CHARLES ST.
E. GRANGE ST.
E. BOYLSTON

THE GREAT FIRE.

Boston, the 9th of November, 1872:—It is Saturday night, seven o'clock; a still and quiet evening. Work for the week is ended. There is a crowd on Washington street and around the markets. One section of the city is silent,—that where there has been hurrying through the day, where boxes, bales and packages have been tossed and tumbled about in buildings that rival in architectural beauty the old palaces of Venetian days.

Paris, the city of beautiful architecture, ever fresh and clean, can show no such costly marts of trade as these of Boston. Not on Rue Rivoli, with its massive colonades, nor on the Boulevard Sebastopol, are there to be found structures so imposing as those that rear their majestic fronts, adorned with pillar, capital and cornice, in the heart of Boston. London, commercial capital of the world, sleeping to-night beneath its sooty pall, has no business centre so inviting as this granite quarter of the commercial capital of New Eng-

land, and of the chief manufacturing industries on this side of the Atlantic.

The energy and enterprise that has reared these structures has been felt all over the country. It has stopped rivers in their courses from the mountains to the seas, harnessed them to mill-wheels, and bade them work for the human race. It has reared towns by every waterfall, given employment to a vast multitude. It has cut up the rivers and ponds at the dead of winter, and transplanted them, piece-meal, to India, to cool the parched tongues of the dusky Hindoos. It has brought hides from the Ganges, from the pampas of Brazil, from the plains of Mexico, from the wilds of Australia, bark from the forests of Canada; has undertaken to make leather, to manufacture boots and shoes for the whole country; it weaves cloth by the hundred million yards; it does business to the amount of twelve hundred million dollars per annum; it has piled up a visible and taxable accumulated wealth of seven hundred million dollars, and an invisible capital of many hundred millions more!

How imposing beneath the moonlight! Granite, marble, brick and iron, — iron, marble, granite and brick, — so solid, so firm, that they will not reel or totter in the wildest war of elements; so secure that fire can never sweep them away; so safe that the merchant owning silks, and velvets, and laces, to the value of uncounted millions, is sitting in his easy-chair at home, confident that no calamity can come to him; that by no combination of circumstances will it

DEVONSHIRE STREET LOOKING SOUTH

be possible for his riches to take wings and fly away before the morrow's dawn.

It is fifteen minutes past seven. I hear a booming of bells. Before the tones are flung out from belfry and steeple there is a sudden lighting up of the sky, an illumination of spires, a red glare on roofs and windows. People in Summer street,—the busy thoroughfare by day, the western boundary of this section of noble edifices,—are astonished by the bursting forth of flames in the upper stories of one of the tallest buildings. It is at the southern side of Summer street, at the corner of Kingston street. There are bales and boxes of dry goods in the basement and on the ground floor, reaching back from Summer street front one hundred feet or more. There are prints and muslins piled on counters ready for display,—a room full of tinder. In the stores above are cases, packages, and bundles of hosiery, gloves and laces, —more inflammable material,—and still higher, in the upper stories, piles of tape and muslin, thread and trimmings, shreds and ravelings, where sewing-girls have been at work manufacturing skirts and corsets. Tinder below and tinder above,—quick fuel for the flames from basement to attic. There has been no fire in the building through the day save in the cellar, where the furnace has given heat to the engine of the elevator. A spark, one little atom of fire, that may be pinched out between the thumb and finger, has kindled other sparks, or the builder who reared the edifice was careless, and nailed his laths

too near the furnace, forgetting that fire is hot, that wood dries, blackens, and easily burns, when all the sap has been dried from the pores.

Great events hang on little things. The builder, possibly, did not think that harm, disaster and calamity that would be felt in every mart of the world, in thousands of homes, that would bring despondency and sorrow to many hearts, could come from nailing a bit of board six inches nearer the boiler of the engine than it ought to have been. Or perhaps, the fireman did not see the one little speck of coal-dust that adhered to the poker when he withdrew it from the furnace, and set it in a corner near the basket of kindlings. Be it either of these, or something else, it is a little thing. But the mountain-spring becomes a river at last, the one spark a tornado of fire. The heated air ascends from floor to floor, fills the vast edifice, raising the temperature to the point of combustion, flashing into flame through all the upper portion of the building. The windows of the highest loft are quickly curtained with fire. Down come the engines from the north, from the centre of the city, from the south, drawn mostly by men and boys, who, out of pity for disabled horses, esteem it a pleasure to tug at the traces, as in former days, to shout and hurrah and grow wild with excitement and red in the face, as if shouting and excitement were indispensable to the putting out of fires, and the louder their voices the more effectual the effort. They started upon the run, but human muscles tire,

and when the ground changed from the level to an incline the run became a walk; but nearing the fire, catching a view of the lofty building, white with flames, they dart forward with deafening shouts, the perspiration oozing from every pore, wheel the engines up to the hydrants, uncoil long lines of hose, rear ladders against the walls, and begin the unequal battle,—unequal because the enemy is high above them, and has made such headway that though ten minutes have hardly passed it is plain it will be no ordinary contest between fire and water.

The fire leaps audaciously down from story to story as if saying to the firemen, "I have had my own way up there, I'll see what I can do down here." It takes hold of the laces, runs round the apartment in a twinkling, seizes the boxes and bales, licks the lathing from the walls, rattles the glass from the windows. The building is a furnace now, fed by currents of air sucked in through every opening, feeding the flames with rivers of oxygen. From basement to roof the fire rolls and surges, turning the stout timbers to glowing coals, whiffing out cases and their contents as if they were chips and rags. So intense is the heat that the firemen are driven from the streets, or are only able to reach the building with their streams of water, as they in turn are played upon by a fellow fireman, lying prone against the curbstone, in the gutter. Again and again the bells have sounded the alarm, and engines are hasting in to do battle at this critical moment, for the

Winthrop Square in Flames.

flames have leaped across the street, they have taken fast hold of the window casings and the wood work of the upper lofts. They eat into the sills, lay their forked tongues against the dormer windows, and the glass falls in a rattling rain upon the pavement. The air is filled with sparks, coals, cinders, and fragments of cotton, linen, and woolen fabrics,—still aflame, and rising heavenward, floating away to kindle new fires where they fall.

Thousands of people fill the connecting streets. The doves, that make the tower of Trinity Church their nestling-place, startled from their sleeping, fly in frightened flocks around the blazing pile.

Timbers are falling, rafters from the roof, beams and joists from the story below,—down,—down,—down, the walls reel, the top-most stones sway outward. It is but the skeleton of a palace now,—a skeleton white with flame,—heated in every joint. It sways and reels, totters, tumbles outward on every side with thundering crash! Like the grim old giant, whose life is written in nursery tales, for whom a cart-load of food was but a mouthful, who gulped down a hogshead of wine or water at a single swallow,—this red-handed giant, our servant and master, by turns licks up the floods of water poured upon him, or turns them into mist, steps farther along to other buildings, down Summer street eastward toward the water, and northward toward more tempting spoils in Winthrop square. Fronting that open space stands the noblest palace of all in the city.

Haughton, Perkins & Wood, have eight hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods, and Anderson & Heath one million five hundred thousand dollars' worth, and other merchants' goods valued by hundreds of thou-

FRANKLIN STREET IN FLAMES.

sands. Goods above, below, in attic and basement. They are piled in all the five stories of the magnificent edifice. The giant has marched along Otis street and now is showering cinders, brands and blazing bits of board, and myriads of sparks upon the spa-

cious structure. He tosses a brand into an upper window, and kindles fires all along the roof. It is so high from the ground that all efforts of the firemen to save it are futile. The giant may mock at their attempts to stop him and laugh at their helplessness.

The conqueror devours it as if it were a delicious morsel. The fire leaps from every window, rolls down the spacious stairways in billows of flame, entwining the granite pillars, hanging in red folds beneath the cornice. The richest fabrics of European looms,—silks, velvets, satins, lace, and ribbons,—one hundred thousand dollars' worth a minute vanish in smoke and flame.

It may have been a half hour, perhaps an hour, for in battle one takes little note of time, and this structure, which has been the admiration of the citizens, the wonder of all visitors, so magnificent in all its proportions, so elaborate, so ornate, in pillar and pediment, in capital and cornice, is a flame from foundation to roof. Great is the fall of it! The earth trembles beneath the shock. A pillar of fire lifts itself for a moment far above all surrounding objects. In an hour the solid granite has been ground to powder and the great iron pillars have melted away. From the outset it has been evident that the destroyer will cut a path eastward to the water. No attempt is made to bar his progress in that direction. As steadily as a mower swinging his scythe in a green meadow, or a reaper in a harvest-field, the destroyer moves on.

But the battle is grandly maintained on the south. The firemen have learned the tactics of war, and attack the flank. There is the dividing line between the mart of trade and the houses of the poor. Already the inhabitants of the threatened section are leaving their homes. They are not rich in this world's goods,—a bed, table, a half dozen chairs, a few bundles, a little crockery,—but it is their fortune. It is not the landlord that hastens them to-night. No officer of the law, with writ of ejectment, ever tumbles beds or bedding, cooking stoves and crockery, looking-glasses and stew-pans, into the street as the owners are tumbling their effects to-night. Some of them have lost their senses in the whirl of excitement. They hurl a looking-glass from the upper story, and bring down with much care their feather beds in their arms. It is the old story repeated at every season of excitement. Men are tugging at a cooking stove, a woman hastens by with a rug in her arms, braided from old rags, more fit for the manure heap than for use on kitchen floor. A woman with the plaster image of the Virgin Mary in one hand, and a worn out wash-board in the other, hastens away with her treasures. In this hurrying scene two sons of Erin have a slight misunderstanding and box each other about the ears and blacken each the other's eyes, and then proceed to argue the question, while the cinders are falling around them. Women sit upon the door-steps and wring their hands. There was one who was selling laces, ribbons, needles and thread, and getting on in the world, but she is

penniless now. Her riches have flown away on fiery wings. The destroyer does not tarry a minute,—one swoop and all is gone. An old wooden building, standing on the corner of Lincoln and Summer streets, disappears as if it was a paste-board box.

The cinders, borne by the wind eastward, descend in showers upon the Hartford & Erie depot, at the foot of Summer street, and the coal-sheds along the wharves are quickly in flames. By ten o'clock the destroyer has cut a fiery swath to the harbor. He has swept over historic ground, the spot where once stood the mansion owned and occupied by Webster. What changes since he lived there! Quiet and retired was that locality at the junction of High and Summer streets. It was a comfortable house of ample dimensions. There was a front yard, there were elm and chestnut trees that shaded the streets all the way to Washington. How cool on the sultry days of midsummer! How refreshing the sea-breeze that came in from the water, when the sun had gone down, rustling the leaves, and swaying the branches of the overspreading trees! It was around him that the solid men of Boston lived. There was an air of strength, firmness, solidity, in the long line of mansions that graced both sides of the street. There was ease and comfort. But trade elbowed its way from Water and Milk streets in this direction. Ease and Comfort packed up their solid mahogany side-boards, their solid silver ware, their old-fashioned clocks, and moved over to the new Back Bay to rear new houses where

VIEW OF RUINS FROM HARTFORD AND ERIE DEPOT.

trade never would make an invasion. Never? It is a long time to the end of Never. It is hardly safe to predict what won't be. There is a great deal of room out West. We are forty millions to-day; we shall number one hundred millions twenty-eight years hence. Twenty-five years ago Webster was entertaining his friends on this spot where the fire is surging. Trade had only then begun to march in that direction. Twenty-five years ago, and Chicago was only a small Western town, knee deep in mud. When trade began to move westward from Milk street, Iowa was a mere state with two-thirds of its territory unsettled; and Minnesota, so near the North Pole as we thought it then, had but five thousand people in all her vast domain, and looked to Illinois for bread; but to-night Iowa has one hundred million bushels of corn and twenty-five millions of wheat in the market; Minnesota counts her population at six hundred thousand, and is sending to New England and Old England thirty million bushels of wheat. The first insurance money to be paid to those whose property is disappearing to-night will come from a sound and solid company at St. Paul. There is territory not yet settled for forty Minnesotas out West; and we shall go on, not only to one hundred millions, but in time,—and that time will be a long ways this side of Never,—to two hundred millions!

They are coming from everywhere. There is bread and work for all; and so America, in the eyes of the hungry millions of the world, is the land blessed above all others. Who shall make shoes for them? Who

weave cloth? Pearl street, throughout its entire length, is a surging mass of flame at this hour; the great shoe and leather houses in the city are in flames, but they will be re-built, and trade will take up its line of march towards the south, the north, and the west ends of the city. There is no knowing what it will do to the Back Bay, for Boston is the centre of a line of industry.

The fire has been edging its way westward against the wind. It sweeps over the spot where Everett lived and died. It makes more rapid progress northward, over the spot where Rufus Choate, in his quiet and cultured home, pondered the intricacies of the law. Westward to Trinity the fire-fiend gradually works his way. Its stones are massive, its walls strong as those of a fortress; but the destroyer enters by the windows, twines his wreaths of flame around the pillars that support the groined roof, rains showers of glowing coals upon carpet, cushion and hassock, melts the pipes of the sweet-toned organ, brings down rafters and beams and roof all together, and passes on towards Washington street, leaving the massive stones still standing, a picturesque and stately ruin. The enemy has driven the firemen back step by step, and now the line of battle is along Washington street. They stand as the Union soldiers stood on Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg. If the enemy passes the ridge, if the destroyer passes Washington street, there is no knowing where he will stop. To lose this line of defence is to lose all. Brave the conflict! Engines can be spared from the southern flank,

and they are brought round to the front. Reinforcements have come from all the surrounding towns and cities,—men who have seen the light flaming against the midnight sky, growing wider, broader and higher. It flames so high that it becomes a beacon-light to mariners three hundred miles away; so bright that it gilds, not only the dome of the State House, and surrounding spires, but lights up the Blue Hills of Milton. Sixty miles distant upon the New Hampshire hills a mother, watching a sick one through the anxious night, beholds the southern horizon all aglow, and men harness their teams in haste to ride to the fire, thinking it near at hand. From midnight till morning the area of flame is widening westward, eastward and northward. The firemen turn the flank of the enemy at the corner of Summer and Washington streets. They make a brave fight for the building occupied by the American Watch Company, and win the victory. But from that point along Washington to Franklin, from Franklin to Milk, to the Transcript office, one door south of Milk, there is nothing but ruins.

Six o'clock Sunday morning.—The day is dawning, but it is lighter than midday all around the Old South. From press room to attic the lofty Transcript building is aglow. All the buildings on Franklin and Milk street have disappeared. The fiery billows have rolled over the spot where Franklin was born. They have dashed up to the new post office, still unfinished and constructed of indestructible materials. It is a break-fire on this Sunday morning.

The waves roll round it, dash past it, almost encircle it, leap round it across Water street, as if to overwhelm and sweep away the treasures stored in the banks of State street. The post office and the subtreasury take refuge in the Custom House. It is a fierce battle waged by a score of engines through the early hours of Sunday morning. Men who have worked all night drop exhausted on the pavement, but volunteers take their places. Refreshments are brought round, gunpowder is brought into play, explosion follows explosion, and a flood of water poured from every available place. The fire long ago burned itself out on Purchase street, east and north of Summer, by sweeping away every building between Summer and the open space made by the cutting down of Fort Hill. It is still working its way northeast toward the Custom House, past Liberty square, but the buildings are lower and the firemen can reach the topmost stories. The rising sun shines through a black and heavy pall of smoke and looks down upon a wide-spread scene of desolation. The streets of the burned district are so filled with granite, marble and brick, piled in chaotic confusion, and there is such a wilderness of broken walls and chimneys, that we have been lost amid the ruins. It was difficult to find one's way through the streets when the buildings were standing in their glory, but now the streets as well as the buildings have disappeared.

But daylight has come and we can trace the outlines of the streets. Commencing where the fire began we

VIEW OF THE FIRE FROM FORT HILL.

can see how it moved,—down Summer street eastward all the way to the water, taking every building on both sides of the street. At the same time it moved northward into Winthrop square and westward to Otis street. Having consumed the buildings on the square it moved northward once more to Franklin, and at the same time mowed another swath eastward across Federal, High and Congress, to Pearl street. The line of fire that had passed down Summer street, meanwhile turned north along Purchase and Broad, toward Oliver street. While spreading in these directions it worked itself against the wind, and in spite of the efforts of the firemen, westward across Otis, Arch and Hawley, to Washington, northwest across Franklin, along Devonshire and Federal, to Milk, to the Old South Church and the new Post Office, along Congress, and across Milk and Water, Lindall and Central, to the rear of the old Post Office, spreading northeastward, the while, to Kilby street and Liberty square.

The world's greatest shoe and leather mart has disappeared. It has been hard for men to see their stores go down and not a drop of water thrown to quench the flames. The firemen were otherwheres, doing their best, and could not be there. After a sixteen hours' conflict the enemy is arrested in his course, but a thousand buildings have been consumed; nearly seventy acres burned over. Through Sunday the burned area is a sea of flame and smoke.

From all the city, all the surrounding towns, men and women come to see the desolation. It seems like war-times. There is the drum-beat and the tramping of soldiers in the street, and the gleam of

WASHINGTON STREET LOOKING SOUTH.

the sun and fire on barrel and bayonet. When the fire was at its height the marines came from the Navy Yard, and now they are joined by the militia to protect property from plunderers. The Common is piled with goods. Merchandise by the million dollars' worth

is piled in the streets and on the public grounds, and there are thousands in the crowd who would like to be thought honest who have not hesitated to plunder their fellow men in the hour of their misfortune.

One hundred millions, more or less, of accumulated wealth has been swept away. What did it represent? Was it so many dollars only,—so much gold and silver or greenbacks? It was the accumulation of honest toil of days and nights, weeks, months and years. It was industry backed by a purpose,—not only to accumulate but to bless. There were endowments for colleges, schools, hospitals and churches, in those millions. Harvard College alone is at least a quarter of a million poorer on this Sunday noon than she was at seven P. M. last night. Beneficiaries that would have received bountifully must go with empty purses awhile. What a disarrangement of plans there has been during these sixteen hours! Men were going to give of their abundance. When the New Year came round they would make somebody's heart glad, but now when the contribution boxes are passed for the collection of gifts they will only give of their poverty. Ah! but those two mites which the poor woman dropped was more than all the other contributions to the Lord's treasury. Men were going to Europe, now they will stay at home. They were going to give a grand party, by-and-by, but it will not be given. Sons and daughters at school possibly will be called home.

Sunday at midnight. There comes an unheralded explosion heard throughout the city, that startles the people from their slumbers. The gas escaping from broken pipes near where the fire first kindled has exploded, and instantly the surrounding buildings are in flames. The alarm once more rings out from belfry and steeple. The engines hasten to where the battle first began, but not till the flames have swept Summer street clean to Washington street on its southern side, with the exception of two buildings, are they extinguished. Fully a million dollars has been added to the sum total of loss by this little outburst of flame. It would be great if it were a conflagration by itself, but when compared with the greater destruction it is hardly to be mentioned.

Life has gone out as well as property. Men have been crushed by falling walls while trying to save property; firemen have been overtaken by the flames while doing their duty. Men will be missing and friends will speak of them as having been swallowed up in the great fire. It will be remembered as the great fire, the greatest that America has seen, with the exception of that which laid waste Chicago. New entries will be made in the journals of business men, in the community and in the family; they will date back to the great fire. It will be a turning point in mens' lives; a starting point. To a great many it will be a start from the bottom of the ladder. They must go over again all the hard struggles, fight the

great battles, meet and conquer difficulties. They were going to take things easy the remainder of life. Gray hairs have come in fighting the battles of the past. The brain tires, the limbs grow weary, the hands hang down as they did not in former years. It is hard to think of it. There is a choking in the throat. And if now and then a tear starts unbidden to the eye, who will not respect it? There is manliness in tears. The man is to be pitied who cannot weep at his own or at others' misfortunes. But the men who reared those structures now consumed are not of those who wring their hands and make loud lamentations over disaster. How calmly they gaze upon the ruin! With what clearness they look at the future! How prompt to plan, how quick to execute! While the spot is still an abyss of flame and smoke they are contracting for new edifices that shall be more substantial, more palatial than those that have crumbled to dust and ashes. The brick makers of Somerville have their orders, the quarrymen of Concord are already at work, and architects are drawing their plans. Flocks and herds will not crop grass in Milk street; fire weeds will not have time to grow in Winthrop square. Stone cutters and brick layers will be busy the coming season, and the tide of traffic will still roll on in undiminished but ever-increasing volume. Men are beginning to see that Boston has a bright future before her; that she is to be more than ever the commercial centre of

the great industrial hive; that once more her harbor is to be white with arriving and departing sails; that fleets of steamers are to furrow the waters of the Bay. To these wharves they will bring the raw materials of every land: hides, wool, gums and dyes, and all articles used in industries. This shall be more than ever a gateway of the continent. Is it not a day's sail nearer Europe than New York to the seaports of the other side of the Atlantic? A day's sail and the coal fields of Lancashire, the source of the motive force in England, have transferred the shipping that formerly choked the Thames, to Liverpool. A day's sail has made Liverpool the world's greatest seaport. Who knows what a day's sail may not do by and by for Boston? She will reach out her hands to the grain fields of the West, and bring the rich harvest of the prairies to her wharves and send it abroad for the hungry millions of England. Through the haze and smoke of Monday morning, the merchants of Boston can see the waste places rebuilt and the new Boston spreading out over all the green hills that surround it. As the new vegetation springs rank and green from the ashes of the old forest, so shall the future be bright with blossoms. But sweetest and most fragrant is the flower, that, while the flames are raging, unfolds its blossom in city and town and hamlet,—loveliest flower of the celestial graces,—charity. The world presses its benefactions upon us. The telegraph makes us neighbors. Chris-

tianity has made us brothers. The whole human race is our kin; and while the fire burns, this one call comes to us from the prairies, from beyond the Sierra Nevadas, and from across the Atlantic, "What can we do for you?" It is the anthem following the hymn sung by the angels of Bethlehem, "Good will to men," and it is the best part of the story of the Great Fire.

O. L. Brown's Patent Type-Setting Machinery, Boston.

"WE STILL LIVE!"

Having escaped the late fire with our

LARGE

Fancy Goods Stock

OF

FALL IMPORTATIONS,

WE HAVE

The very best assortment in our line to be found in Boston, to which we invite the attention of the trade and our patrons generally.

ST. JOACHIM BAZAR,

167 Washington Street.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

GEO. R. BRINE & CO.

THE GREAT

CLOTHIERS,

201 WASHINGTON STREET.

Having re-arranged our entire stock, since the great fire, besides making large additions of New Goods, we are now ready to resume business.

All our FINE CLOTHING at the old prices.

Breakfast Jackets & Dressing Gowns

A specialty during the holidays.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

IN GREAT VARIETY.

All orders in our Custom Department filled with promptness and despatch.

The best view in Boston, of the Ruins, from our building.

GEO. R. BRINE & CO.

THE GREAT

CLOTHIERS,

201 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

ART RECREATIONS.

THIS book gives instruction in all kinds of

DRAWING, PAINTING, AND ARTISTIC WORK.

BY

Madame Urbino, Prof. Day, and J. E. Tilton.

A NEW EDITION, WITH NEW ARTICLES UPON

Charcoal Drawing, two kinds.
Hints for Designers and Illustrators.
Linnæography.
Permanent Flower Painting.
To Paint Flowers on Tinted Paper.
Treatment of Autumn Leaves.
" " *Green Leaves in Water Color.*
Decalcomanie. *Diaphania.*
Imitation of Ground Glass.
Sorrento Wood Carving.
Ferneries.
Heraldic Emblazoning.
Illuminating.
Directions for Cutting out Paper Ornaments.
Directions for Bronze Stencilling.
" " *Using ordinary Engravings or Prints upon Glass.*
Imitation of Inlaying with Ebony, &c.

This is a complete treatise, and an easily understood guide.

A book decidedly useful and valuable. *Without a teacher, you can learn,* with its easy rules and illustrations, pencil-drawing, charcoal-drawing,

crayon-drawing and painting, water-color painting, water-color flower-painting, autumn leaves, oil-painting, Grecian painting, Oriental painting, antique painting, and in fact all known varieties of drawing and painting. Also leather-work, moss-work, feather-work, wax-work, cone-work, shell-work, decalcomanie, illumination, heraldry, emblazonry, &c.; how to preserve birds, how to make aquariums, magic lanterns, papier-maché work, paper flowers, vases, ferneries, &c.; in fact, it is a perfect encyclopædia of all that is ornamental and useful.

The *New York Observer* says of it: —

"It tells you how to do everything in the way of fancy work; how to prepare the materials, and how to use them afterwards. Parents ought to get this book, and encourage the girls to study it. Teachers ought to introduce it into school, and teach their pupils the use of these beautiful arts. It will gladden many a home, brighten many a dull hour, and give pleasure and profit to many an active mind."

The *New York Independent* says of it: —

"It is impossible, by any merely verbal description, to convey a just idea of the mechanical beauty of this book, or of its value as a household companion in lessons of art."

Superbly Illustrated and Richly Bound. Price $3.00.

Mrs. Dr. SECOR'S MEDICINES

Will be found a sure cure for any of the diseases for which they are put forth. Look at the names of the references—they are the names of some of our most reliable citizens, who have known her and her treatment for a number of years, and who willingly and cheerfully recommend her and her medicines to all needing them. And if this is not sufficient to convince the most skeptical, you can call at her office, 159 Warren Avenue, Boston, where sufficient testimonials will be shown from living witnesses, who will feel happy to speak of her in the highest terms as a thoroughly educated and skilful physician. Her very extensive and successful practice of over 25 years has given her a wide field of experience in the treatment of those diseases she compounds her medicines for. Her

ALTERATIVE SYRUP

will be found a sure cure for Scrofula in its worst form, Glandular Swellings, Salt Rheum, Old or Indolent Ulcers, Syphilis, Cancerous Collections, Tumors, Sore Eyes, Nodes, Itch, Scald Head, Discharges from Ears, Ring Worms, and all Exanthama of the Skin, Moth, Blotches, Pimples, Flesh Worms, Discolorations, etc. Ladies who wish a clear and beautiful complexion will find it just the preparation they need. If any gentleman has been subjected to the use of mercury for fever, etc., the Alterative will be found invaluable in cleansing and purifying the system. Her

CINCHONA BITTERS

are a sure cure for Dyspeptics.

Her **NERVOUS, NEURALGIA AND ASTHMA PILLS** are excellent for all persons afflicted with Neuralgia, Colic, Delirium Tremens, &c.

Her **CATHARTIC PILLS** are purely vegetable.

Rheumatism can be cured by using her celebrated **LINIMENT.**

Her **CHOLERA SPECIFIC** is a remedy for Cramps and Spasms, Asiatic Cholera, Diarrahœa, &c.

Her **SALVE** for Old Sores, Burns, Scalds, &c.

A printed circular accompanies each, with full directions for use, food, treatment, &c. Sold by all respectable Druggists.

Any person wishing to consult **MRS. DR. SECOR** before beginning to use her medicines, can do so by addressing or calling at her Office, No. 159 Warren Avenue, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

MRS. DR. SECOR introduces, by permission, the following references—gentlemen whose character and position in society entitle them to the highest confidence:

REFERENCES.

Samuel Burnham, Editor of the Congregational Yearly; E. R. Humphreys, LL. D., M. D.; B. R. Gilbert, Esq.; Benjamin Cushing, Esq.; F. C. Humphreys, Esq.; Nathaniel Crowell, Esq.; Dr. Thresher; Arthur Cheney, Esq.; B. W. Gilbert, Esq.; Samuel Coverly, Esq.; Lewis Rice, Esq., American House of Boston; John Livermore, Esq., Cambridgeport, Mass.; Prof. A. A. Stewart, Cambridge, Mass.; Prof. John G. Anthony, Cambridge, Mass.; C. P. Whitney, Esq., Milford, N. H.; E. Richardson, Esq., Clinton, Mass.; Wilson Morse, Esq., Clinton, Mass.

THE WINDOW GARDENER.

By EDWARD SPRAGUE RAND, Jr.,

Author of "Flowers for the Parlor and Garden," "Bulbs," "Garden Flowers," "Rhododendrons," &c., &c.

A book for every lover of flowers, well calculated to enable every reader to make home beautiful and attractive.

Price, bound in muslin extra $1.00

RE-ISSUE OF DE QUINCEY'S WORKS.

ESSRS. SHEPARD & GILL

Take pleasure in announcing that they will commence, NOVEMBER 1, the publication of

THE WORKS OF

THOMAS DE QUINCEY,

"THE ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER,"

INCLUDING ALL HIS CONTRIBUTIONS TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The wonderful productions of this "great master of English composition" have not hitherto enjoyed the advantages of ready perusal. Whether this has been owing to their having been so long embedded in the anonymous pages of various periodicals, or published at too high a price, and too inferiorily when afterwards collected, it is difficult to say, but certain it is that they have never received that justice in the way of publication which has been awarded to many works of even inferior pretensions.

The publication of this re-issue of De Quincey's Works has been undertaken with the view of remedying this defect, and of bringing the writings of so gifted an author within easy range of those who may wish to possess them.

The sixteen volumes of which the series is composed will be published at the rate of **Two each Month**, until completed. *It will be printed on fine toned paper, in beautiful clear type, and will be fully illustrated with Steel Engravings.*

The price will be

$2 per Vol. — $32 for the Set, —

A price which we hope will encourage the purchase of writings which have been well characterized "as a combination which centuries may never reproduce, but which every generation should study as one of the marvels of English literature."

WANTED.—A reliable and intelligent man of good address, to engage in a desirable and lucrative business, producing from $1,500 to $5,000 per year. Address

J. B. FORD & CO.

NEW YORK, BOSTON, CHICAGO, OR SAN FRANCISCO.

PUBLISHERS OF

CHRISTIAN UNION,

$3.00 per year.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, Editor.

LIBRARY POETRY AND SONG.

By W. CULLEN BRYANT.

LIBRARY OF FAMOUS FICTION.

By H. B. STOWE.

LIFE OF JESUS THE CHRIST.

By HENRY WARD BEECHER.

&c., &c.

INSURANCE STATISTICS.

Charles H. Frothingham

HAS COMPILED TABLES SHOWING THE

STANDING OF ALL INSURANCE COMPANIES

And has information of value to those needing Insurance, in which business he has also had large experience.

Insurance respectfully solicited, and careful attention given to placing large lines.

55 STATE STREET, BOSTON.

NOT BURNT OUT.

The Engravings in this book were cut by us,

JOHN ANDREW & SON,

Designers and Engravers on Wood,

No. 5 Temple Place, cor. Tremont Street,

BOSTON.

CORRUGATED IRON.

BARAND SHAPE IRON,
IRON BEAMS, CHANNEL AND TEE IRON,
IRON ROOFS AND FLOORS,
CORRUGATED IRON DOORS AND SHUTTERS.

ALL IRON BUILDINGS. IRON BRIDGES.

Orders Solicited and promptly executed.

NEW ENGLAND IRON CO.,

53 SEARS BUILDING, BOSTON.

THE BIG FIRE

Burned out the Boston Office and Printing Rooms of that popular magazine,

"AMERICAN HOMES,"

but new quarters, new type, new presses, &c., were are at once secured.

SEND $1.25

to CHAS. H. TAYLOR & Co., Boston, Mass., or Chicago, Ill., for a beautiful Oil Chromo, 10 1-2 × 12 1-2, mounted, sized and varnished, and the magazine (600 pages of beautifully illustrated reading matter) a year.

CHROMOS MAILED INSTANTLY.

AGENTS deliver Chromos as they take names.

BEST COMMISSION IN THE FIELD.

SEND $3.00

FOR ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE

New York Citizen and Round Table,

AND THE TWO MAGNIFICENT OIL CHROMOS,

"THE LAUNCH OF THE LIFE-BOAT,"

AND

"THE RETURN FROM THE WRECK."

Size of each, 17½ x 31½ inches, and will be mailed instantly on receipt of subscription price.

"The handsomest Chromos that have as yet been issued from the press."—*Hartford Courant.*

AGENTS,

Secure territory on the greatest thing offered. Everybody subscribes on sight. One green agent secured over 30 subscriptions on his first day out.

B. S. MOULTON & CO.,

5 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON,

Managers for New England.

GAS AND KEROSENE

FIXTURES,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

GAS STOVES,

PORTABLE, STUDENTS', BRONZE

AND TABLE LAMPS.

The best assortment in the City and CHEAPEST place to buy.

McKenney, Bullard & Co.,

564 WASHINGTON & 8 HARVARD ST., BOSTON.

HISTORY OF THE

GREAT FIRE IN BOSTON.

BY COL. RUSSELL H. CONWELL,

The Celebrated Orator and Writer.

The magnitude and effect of the great conflagration seem to demand a permanent record.

It is our intention to publish a correct and complete account of the origin, progress, and extent of the fire, as seen by an eye-witness, together with scenes and incidents, written in the author's best style.

It is our purpose to make it a first-class book in every respect. It will contain a large amount of statistical and other matters of real value; and be worthy of a permanent place in every private and public library in the land.

The opening chapter will contain a brief sketch of the history of Boston, giving it additional interest to many readers.

The author is well known; and, as a word-painter, has no equal.

"The Boston Post" truly says, that "his description of scenes and landscapes in Europe cannot be excelled."

The opinion is universal, that he is just the man for the task.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The work will contain about 300 pages, 12mo., illustrated by a bird's-eye view of Boston in flames, a map of the burnt district, with several other views both before and after the fire.

Sold by Canvassing Agents. Substantially bound in Muslin, Price, $1.50.

B. B. RUSSELL, Publisher,

55 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

SAVED!

WHOLESALE DEPOT

FOR

Stereoscopes, Stereoscopic Views. Chromos, Frames, Albums, &c., &c.

DODGE, COLLIER & PERKINS,

115 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

ALSO PUBLISHERS OF THE FOLLOWING

NEW CHROMOS,

Equal to any published.

THE ROYAL DESSERT, the best Fruit Chromo ever published. After C. P. REAM. Size, 22x27. Retail price, $12.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY, CAL. After B. CHAMPNEY. Size, 15x24. Retail price, $9.

NEW ENGLAND WINTER. After B. CHAMPNEY. Size, 15x24. Retail price, $9.

LITTLE RIVER, STOWE, VT. After GRIGGS. Size, 15x24. Retail price, $9.

MORNING ON THE CLYDE, VT. After GRIGGS. Size, 15x24. Retail price, $9.

FOUR AMERICAN LANDSCAPES. After B. CHAMPNEY. Size, 8½x13¾.

ON THE SACO RIVER, N. H. LAKE CHOCORUA AND MOUNTAIN, White Mountains. AUTUMN ON THE KENNEBEC, Me. WHEAT HARVEST, Delaware River.

The above are some of Champney's best sketches, and are brilliant in coloring and true to nature. Executed in the best manner. Retail price, each mounted, $1.50.

SIX HEADS.

Size of each, 8x10, of the following subjects, from oil paintings, and equal to the finest works in the market:

HOLY FAMILY — Raphael. MATER DOLOROSO — Guido. MADONNA MADRID — Murillo. BEATRICE CENCI — Guido. IMMACULATE CONCEPTION — Murillo. MADONNA AND CHILD — Murillo.

Retail price, each mounted on Stretchers, $1.50. A Liberal Discount to the Trade.

NEW FURNITURE.

SNOW, ROLLINS & CO.

213 & 215 TREMONT STREET,

BOSTON.

PARLOR, LIBRARY,
DINING-ROOM
AND CHAMBER

FURNITURE.

Our Stock comprises a great variety of entirely

NEW STYLES,

Elegant in design, thoroughly made and finely finished, which we offer at

BOTTOM PRICES.

Bedding, Draperies, Lace,

AND NOTTINGHAM CURTAINS,

IN EVERY VARIETY.

WM. E. SNOW.
L. M. ROLLINS. } Formerly with Haley, Morse & Co.

Collins' Celebrated

STYLISH COATS AND VESTS.

37 TEMPLE PLACE,

BOSTON.

TRADE MARK.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE GREAT FIRE

DID NOT REACH THE

TOOL STORE

OF

Goodnow & Wightman,

17, 19 & 23 CORNHILL.

They are therefore able to fill all orders for their class of goods, including

TOOLS and SUPPLIES

OF ALL KINDS, FOR

Machinists, Carpenters, Pattern Makers, Carvers, Model Makers, Amateurs, Cabinet Makers, Jewellers, &c., &c.

ALSO, A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

SHELF HARDWARE,

TOGETHER WITH A LARGE STOCK OF

TOOL CHESTS, FOOT LATHES, MODEL STEAM ENGINES, TOOLS FOR SORRENTO FRETWORK, POCKET CUTLERY, &c., &c.,

SUITABLE FOR

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES SENT FREE.

GOODNOW & WIGHTMAN,

17, 19 & 23 Cornhill, BOSTON.

CHICKERING & SONS' PIANOS

Have taken the First Premium over all competition

IN

AMERICA, ENGLAND & FRANCE.

These Standard Instruments are now offered at reduced rates on the ONE-PRICE SYSTEM.

41,000

of these Standard Piano-Fortes have been made and sold since 1823, and eighty-one first premiums have been awarded to our firm

OVER ALL COMPETITION.

These Pianos are still regarded and universally conceded to be

THE STANDARD INSTRUMENTS OF THE WORLD,

and are so pronounced by all the great artists.

DR. FRANZ LISZT says, "I consider the Chickering Piano *superior to any made in Europe or America*, and am fully convinced they were justly entitled to the *First Prize*."

CHICKERING & SONS' MAMMOTH MANUFACTORY

is more than one-third larger than any other Piano-forte Manufactory in the world, and is in every respect the most complete as regards machinery, and the facilities for doing the *very best class of work*. Messrs. Chickering & Sons have, since the establishment of their business in 1823, made and sold 41,000 Pianos; and these *Standard Instruments* are now offered at Reduced Rates upon the "ONE-PRICE SYSTEM," free from all discounts and commissions; and they are beyond all refutation the VERY BEST and VERY CHEAPEST FIRST-CLASS PIANOS now offered.

A CARD.

We call especial attention to our

UPRIGHT PIANOS,

which are in every particular the finest instruments of their class manufactured, and second only to the Grand Piano, for which they are a good substitute.

Every Piano warranted for Five Years.

CHICKERING & SONS,
11 E. 14th St., New York.

354 Washington Street, Boston.

q 9-23 88